

All I Need

Rich Homie Quan

Yeah

Listen

All I need is money
All I need is you
And I on care who tell it
So I seek the truth
And who say I ain't real
I can be the proof
I say what I feel
Cause all I know is truth
And I blow is fruit
And I roll is coop
And if that girl fuck'd more then 10 niggas
That ho the swoop
And they don't get it, but they might do
My lingo crazy every since, that right two
Yeah, and I got everything that I need
I'm lost but I need that key
Like a shirt without no sleeves
Harmless and Armless
I gucci all my garments
She feeling on me,
Like she searching for something
No warrant
And I'm high baby, so fly baby
Debbie cakes, no pie baby
Eating em' up like child baby

All I need
Is some money
All I need
Aye light Po... the plan on me
Aye Swag... Roll Up
Aye White Boi... what it do
I'm sittin back, sittin here waitin on skyvie
Pull Up
Tell Em' we gon make them bosses moves
Like real bosses do man
You know what I'm talkin bout
The R's P's and T's, is where we headed man
Yeah

Okay
Now I all need is comma's
All i do is them numbers
Nawl nigga ion gang bang,
Just fuckin around with them stunt's
All I need is my homie
And a smith and wesson Glock .40
All I need is that money
That's the only thing important
All the bitches want me
Ain't nam nigga front me
And my Grandma the cafeteria manager
I always ate lunch free

Cus I stay down like I suppose too
Ridin round in that old skool
My car ready for that showroom
My bitch foreign eatin tofu
These niggas talkin, they ain't really bout it
See I'm barely walkin
Every other day shopping

Is some money...